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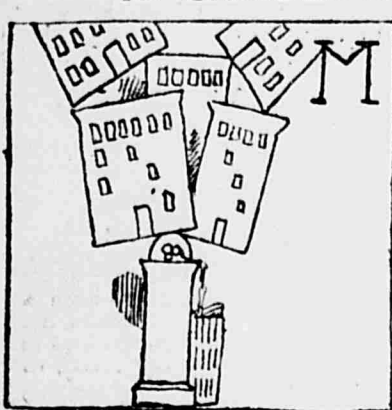
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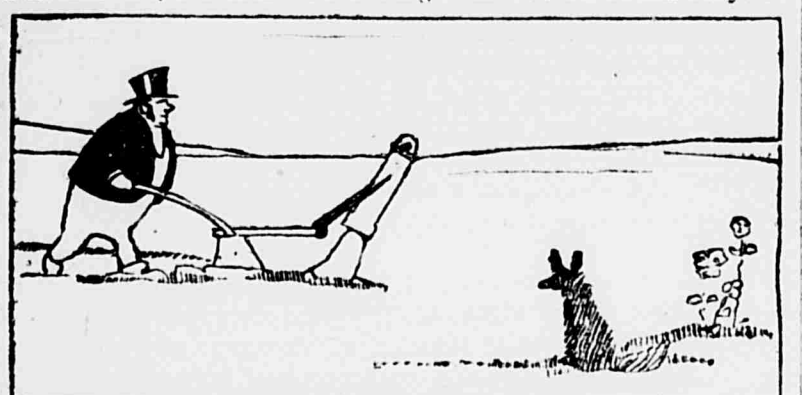
IS GAMBLING "BUSINESS"?



R. J. S. BACHE, head of one of the largest brokerage firms in Wall street, protests against "any legislation injurious to the New York Stock Exchange," adding that The World's bill introduced at Albany to stop stock gambling "is an attack aimed at the welfare of the city of New York." His argument is that stock speculation is a great "business."

This was more rhetorically said by W. C. Cornwell, of this same firm, to the New York Bank Clerks' Association a year ago:

"Because, much maligned as is what is known as 'Wall street,' it is the top and forefront of the business of the United States, the moving force which has made possible the wonderful development of our country, and the thing which, if it had never existed, would have left the prairies uninhabited except by the coyotes and the wild flowers, and if suddenly swept out of existence now would make of this great commonwealth a blackened ruin, as dead as the crumbling stones of Nineveh and Babylon."



There are a few chronological errors in Mr. Cornwell's statements. The United States long antedated the New York Stock Exchange. The prairies were cultivated long before the National Banking law was passed or the ticker was invented.

Instead of Wall street developing the United States it acts like a leech upon trade and industry.

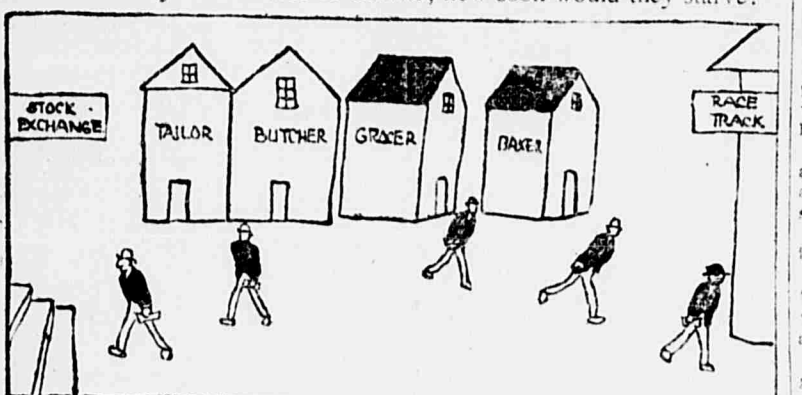
Admitting, as every other truthful Wall street observer does, that the great majority of Stock Exchange transactions are gambling, is gambling a "business"?

The difference between business and gambling is clearly drawn by the dictionary definitions in that business is the actual production and sale of commodities, while gambling is to "pretend to buy or sell, depending upon chance variations in prices for gain;" "to risk money on an event, chance or contingency."

Neither the Stock Exchange nor the Cotton Exchange actually sells 3 per cent. of what it pretends to sell. They merely bet on prices. In one day the Stock Exchange has pretended to sell more stock than the railroad had outstanding, and the Cotton Exchange has frequently pretended to sell more cotton than there was in New York storage warehouses.

Whether on the Stock Exchange, at the race track or in ordinary faro and roulette gambling houses, there is no difference in the essential act of gambling. Nothing is produced. Nothing is really bought or sold. No value is added to anything. All that results is the transfer of some men's money to other men without a valuable consideration.

Suppose that five men sat down at a table to play poker and none of them had any other source of income; how soon would they starve?



Suppose that at the race tracks nobody brought money from his grocery store or his salary or his business and left it there with the book-makers; how long would race track gambling continue?

Suppose that in Wall street the brokers and bankers were left to bet with one another, how long would they have automobiles, yachts and country places?

Gambling, like any other vice, is a dead economic loss. As to whether it should be permitted, the people in adopting the State Constitution have already decided in favor of the absolute prohibition of its every form.

And since the Wall street gambling is the largest and most pernicious its abolition would do the most good.

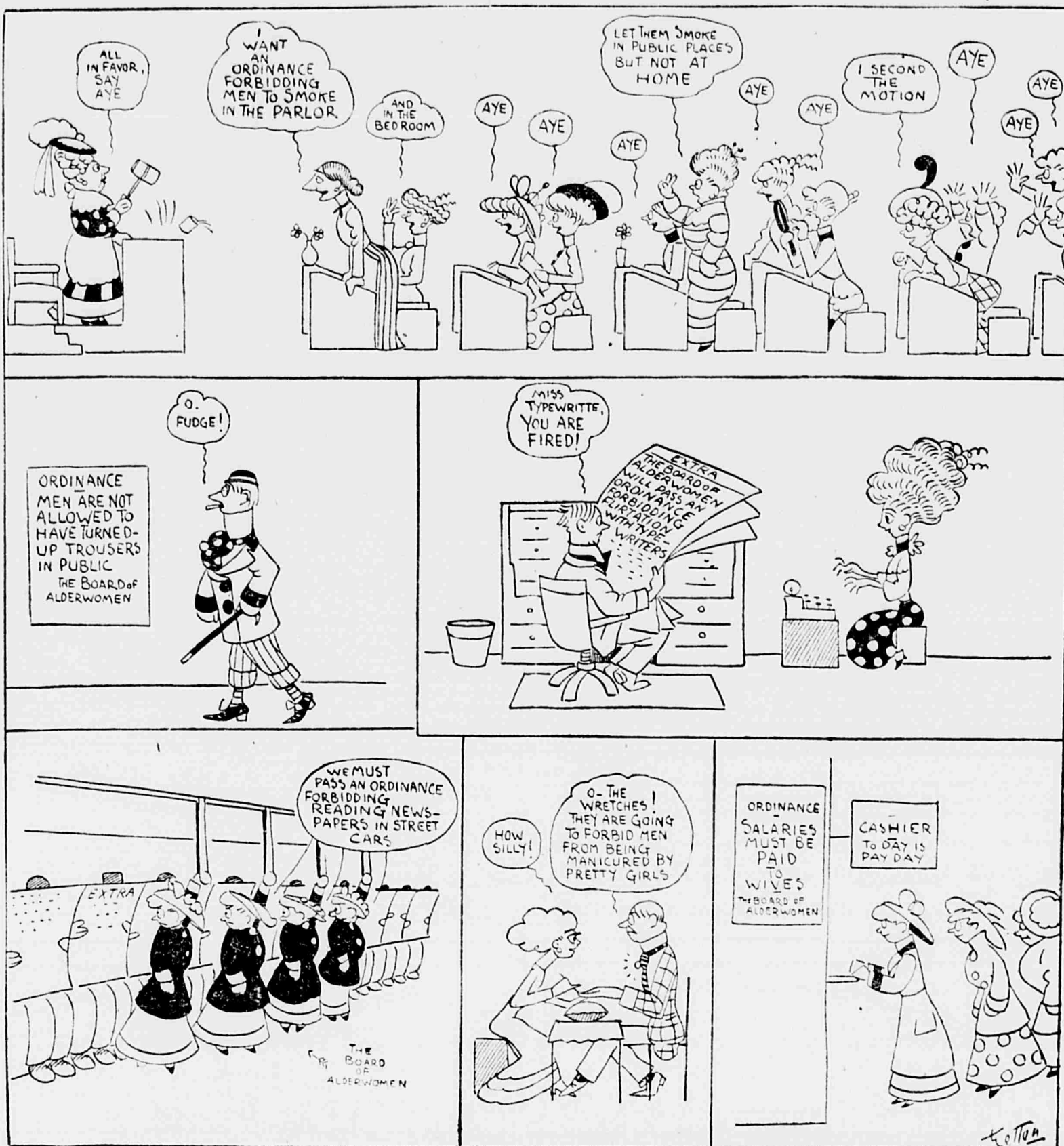
Letters from the People.

Percentage.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
My reply to the inquiry for the correct rate of percentage on a purchase bought for \$1,000 and sold for \$1,200 is that 20 per cent. is accurate, computing on the purchase price. The other rate quoted at 16.6 2/3 per cent. which should properly be 16.6 2/3 per cent. and figured on the gain attached to the principal, will elevate the cost to the amount of the selling price. The latter method is operated on certain merchandise, bearing a future reduction.
AUGUSTUS M. SERRAO.
American Boys.

Origin of "Yankee."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What was the origin of the word "Yankee"?
Trudeau, N. Y.
"Yankee" is believed to have originated from the Indians' attempts to say "English" or "Anglais." They called the English settlers in America "Yankees."

The Board of Alderwomen.

By Maurice Ketten.



If You Wish to Know How Small a Man Can Be Made to Feel Just Go to the Opera with Your Wife and Make a Break or Two

By Roy L. McCardell.

Mrs. JARR looked around upon the brilliant scene and sighed a sigh of size.

Mrs. Jarr was up in arms at once. "I'm sure I didn't ask you to come, and there is yet time for us to leave before the curtain goes up," she remarked.

"Why, I'm not saying a word," said Mr. Jarr, humbly.

"I should think, now that you've got children growing up, you should try to inculcate a little culture," said Mrs. Jarr. "Thousands and thousands of people would be glad to go to grand opera."

"But the trouble is, I don't understand grand opera," said Mr. Jarr meekly.

"Read the book," said Mrs. Jarr, tersely. "It's written there in plain English."

"But you told me not to take the book out of my pocket," said Mr. Jarr, "and didn't you tell me to buy it outside where they were selling them for fifteen cents, while they cost a quarter in the opera house?"

"Yes, but I didn't know that the books they sold inside had gray paper covers and those sold outside had brown," explained Mrs. Jarr, but looking at Mr. Jarr as if he were to blame. "If we were in the gallery it would be all right, but sitting here in the high priced seats it would look terrible."

"Looked as if we had saved 10 cents, eh?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Well, I'll hold it under the seat and tear off the brown cover."

This he proceeded to do, while Mrs. Jarr looked out of the corner of her eye to see if Mr. Jarr's move would be noticed. She had made up her mind if it were that she could give him a frozen glance, and from that point on pretend he was a total stranger to her and that she wasn't with him at all.

Their meeting of how perilously near he was to being disowned. Mr. Jarr got the brown covers off the cheaper sold-outside-edition and it looked just like those held around him.

"I'm just crazy about Tetraxini," said a sweet young thing of forty-two sitting behind the Jarrs. "She has the most wonderful range! The grandest range!"

"What's that skinny dame behind us raving over somebody's cook stove for?" asked Mr. Jarr. "If I made a crack like that at grand opera you'd be throwing the harpoon into me, and yet Lady Barbones behind us makes it and gets away with it!"

"See-eh!" said Mrs. Jarr. "The curtain's going up!"

So it was, and the male chorus and the droll Duke and the scolded Nipperetto sang to the satisfaction of everybody but poor Mr. Jarr, who perched freely and wished he was sitting in Gus's place with Hangle and the bunch playing pinocle, instead of getting a second wearing that week out of his white dress waistcoat, and having his nerves butchered to make a highbrow holiday.

When the curtain went down the lady behind them was in ecstasies over Renaud. "His register!" she cried aloud. "His register is perfect!"

"Now it's hot air heating with Lady Barbones!" grumbled Mr. Jarr. "There wasn't any registers in those old Dingo days."

Mrs. Jarr gave him a bitter glance.

Mr. Jarr thought it best to retreat from his present line of comment.

"Well," he said, with a sickly smile, "of course I don't pretend to understand grand opera, but from what I do pick up from these past performances," here Mr. Jarr indicated the story of the opera on the programme, "that Duke person certainly was some chaser of skirts!"

Mrs. Jarr leaned over and touched him on the arm. "Mr. Jarr," she remarked, "you will make me extremely grateful if you will withhold comments of that kind, and the language in which you convey them until you are with your barroom friends!"

Mr. Jarr groaned softly and said nothing.

Finally, in the last act, he thought he might come across with a remark that would rekindle him, and so he grinned and said, "By George! It's grand the way all four of them are hollering at once!"

Mrs. Jarr turned sideways from him, literally giving him the cold shoulder. And even when homeward bound in the Subway, she answered him not but gave him a "Who's this person?" look at every attempt the poor man made to talk to her.

Miss Lonely as a Suffragette Still Pines for Mr. Man.

By F. G. Long



THE WARS OF OUR COUNTRY

Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 44—APACHE WARS. Part I.—The Uprising.

WHILE North and South were at death-grips the country at large was too engrossed in that tremendous struggle to pay general heed to a new "war" that had sprung up in what was then known as the Far West.

Along the region including Arizona and part of Texas were scattered a savage Indian "nation" known as the Apaches, numbering about 10,000 in all. When that region had been Mexican territory the Apaches had been a thorn in Mexico's side. But for the first few years after the United States Government annexed the district they gave comparatively little trouble. Then as the West grew more thickly settled by men who had scant consideration for the natives the inevitable clash came, just as two centuries earlier it had come in New England when the pioneer had wanted the aborigines' land. But the Apache was a decidedly different man from the early Indian of the Eastern States. Treacherous, bloodthirsty, horribly cruel, those modern savages hated the white invader and in a comparatively short time were at war with him.

In 1860 the entire Apache nation went on the warpath. Their method of fighting was to dash unexpectedly from ambush and mountain stronghold upon some caravan or village and torture, mutilate and kill every white man, woman or child who had the un- speakably bad fortune to fall into their hands. By the time Government troops from the nearest army post could be rushed to the scene of slaughter the Indians were usually safe in their inaccessible mountain fastnesses or had vanished somewhere across the prairie or desert.

For the first few months of the uprising Uncle Sam's soldiers managed to curb, in a measure, these atrocities, and the work of settling the new and went on. But in 1861 the Civil War broke out and most of the soldiers hitherto quartered in the West were rushed to the front, leaving the frontier unprotected.

Then it was that the Apaches swept over Arizona Territory in an unchecked wave of bloodshed. Tomahawk and knife marked their murderous course. Except for a few hundred settlers who succeeded in finding refuge in Tucson, every white inhabitant of Arizona was slain or frightened out of the territory. The once flourishing section became a wilderness.

A ten-year period of carnage followed. Time and again military expeditions were planned against the marauding savages, only to be blocked by the pleas of soft-hearted Easterners, who, knowing nothing of the subject, believed that a policy of kindness might win the affections of the warring Apaches and change their hate to love. As a result of this experiment in mildness about 1,000 white people were murdered. This list included hundreds of women and little children.

As time went on without bringing any adequate punishment the Apaches waxed more daring and prospered mightily in their career of plunder and slaughter. They grew to have a profound contempt for the power of "The White Father at Washington" (as diplomats had tried to each them to call the President of the United States.)

It was a situation that urgently called for a Man. And a Man arose to meet it. He was Gen. George Crook, Civil War veteran and old-time Indian fighter. Mustered out of volunteer service (where he had risen to the rank of Major-General and had once commanded the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac), he had re-entered the army as Lieutenant-Colonel in 1866 and had played a strong part ever since in the Government's desultory campaign against the Western Indians.

He was assigned in 1872 to the task of putting down the Apaches in Arizona, and was allowed a freer hand than his predecessors had been. For the War Department had at last so far succeeded in overcoming the influence of the peace party as to proceed to more drastic measures than any heretofore tried. And Crook, of all men, was probably best fitted to carry these measures to a successful end.

His first move was to send the various Apache chiefs a message whose stern burden was:

"Return peacefully to your reservations or be wiped from the face of the earth!"

The whole country awaited eagerly the result of this bold command.

The Imported Husband Is O. K.

By Edna Wallace Hopper.

IN my opinion international marriages are like all other alliances—a large-sized gamble, but the American girl who marries the imported article has an advantage over her sister who dips into the domestic pool of matrimony. Inasmuch as she gets more for her money.

A girl can be as happy or just as miserable in either case. She may be fortunate enough to give herself and her father's money to a man of the disposition of a saint and the morals of a monk, or she may have the misfortune to acquire a better half with a profligate past and a purple future, but if she elects to say "Yes" to a nobleman of the Old World she has at least the satisfaction of wearing the title he brings her, he is ever so empty. Up-to-date American gentlemen with titles are not quoted in the open market—at least they have not gotten into the hands of the customs broker.

The history of international wedlock tells us that 90 per cent. of them have been failures, and the domestic wedlock that attaches to the American girl's marriage are the events given the first families of Europe.

Personally, I do not believe in marriages, but to those who do I would say: choose one with a title who is as near the purple and ermine as your pocket-book can afford.

Chicago Bosses Like Widows.

By Arthur West.

GREAT many Chicago employers look upon the divorce court as the greatest institution on earth. This is because it takes a divorce court to make a grass widow, and anything, they argue, that will increase the supply of widows is a good thing for the community.

There are many reasons why employers like widows. A widow is not so tightly, and she is willing to take up with a good many things that an unmarried girl, or one who never has known the trials and tribulations of married life, will not tolerate. In most instances the widow is a woman of sorrow, and among employers it is believed that a woman can find relief from her sorrow only in work.

Certain it is that widows are the best workers. They are less apt to complain about working conditions, and if they happen to have children dependent upon them, as most of them have, they are glad to get work at any price and under almost any conditions.

All of the downtown department stores have large numbers of widows on their payrolls. The manager of one of these stores, who was willing to talk on the subject, but who insisted that his name should not be used, said he would rather have one widow behind his counters than half a dozen ordinary shopgirls.

Mere Man is on the Toboggan.

By Prof. Charles F. Zuehlstein.

MAN'S supremacy is now almost a thing of the past, and it is high time it is so," said Prof. Charles F. Zuehlstein, of the University of Chicago, to an applauding feminine audience in Minneapolis. "While woman is regarded as the weaker physically, she is in many respects the stronger mentally and morally," he continued. "From the time brute strength received second place and the mind became the dominating power of the human being woman has risen until she is now not only the equal of man in every respect, but threatens to be superior."

"Regarding physical strength, it might be said that woman, in her way, is stronger than man."

"I heard about recently."

"Somebody said to this woman's husband: 'So you've insured in the Blank Company, eh? Who on earth induced you to choose that of all concerns?'"

"My wife," was the reply. She says they leave the prettiest 1908 calendar."

A Good Story by Homer Folks.

HOMER FOLKS, the noted authority on charity, said the other day of an applicant for help:

"His recommendation was not very satisfactory. It reminded me of a woman I heard about recently."

"Somebody said to this woman's husband: 'So you've insured in the Blank Company, eh? Who on earth induced you to choose that of all concerns?'"

"My wife," was the reply. She says they leave the prettiest 1908 calendar."